The Protestant
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

"PROVE ALL THINGS: HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."—1 Thess, v. 21.

Vol. 1. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, June 23, 1860. No. 51.

The Protestant,

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS,

Is issued every Saturday Morning, from Haszard's Printing Office, South Side Queen Square,

BY

DAVID LAIRD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS:

Twelve Shillings if paid within the First quarter after being taken, or from the date of the last payment; Thirteen Shillings, if paid within the Second quarter; Fourteen Shillings, if paid within the Third quarter; after which, Fifteen Shillings will be charged.

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates. [To prevent disappointment, all advertisements should be sent to the Office before 3 o'clock on Friday.]

NIGHT MUSINGS.

In the still silence of the voiceless night,
When, chased by airy dreams, the slumbers flee,
Whom in the darkness doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee!

And if there be a weight upon my breast,
Some vague impressions of the day foregone,
Scarce knowing what it is, I fly to thee,
And lay it down.

Or if it be the heaviness that comes
In token of anticipated ill,
My bosom takes no heed of what it is,
Since 'tis thy will.

For, oh! in spite of past and present care,
Or anything beside, how joyfully
Passes that almost solitary hour,
My God, with thee!

More tranquil than the stillness of the night,
More peaceful than the silence of that hour,
More blest than anything, my spirit lies
Beneath thy power.

For what is there on earth that I desire,
Of all that it can give or take from me,
Or whom in heaven doth my spirit seek,
O God, but thee!

Kirwan's Letters from Europe.

THE MAY MEETINGS IN LONDON.

The month of May forms the great Carnival in London; but in a far different sense from that of the Roman. It is devoted to the Anniversaries of the National Societies, of every character and form,—religious, moral, and reformatory,—and of the Societies of the different branches of the Church, which are seeking to leaven Britain, and the world, with the Gospel. We have attended several of these, but can only allude to a few of them.

And first among them all, as all must admit, stands the British and Foreign Bible Society. Its house is in Earl street, just by Blackfriar's Bridge; and is far less imposing and convenient than is the noble American "Bible House" in New York. But it needs no such building as ours, as the Bible must be printed by the Universities; and the Society contracts for their preparation. The Bibles are brought into Earl street ready for sale. One of the Secretaries informed me that they were just making a contract for a million and a quarter of Bibles and Testaments! On invitation, I spent a morning in the Committee room, to see the gentlemen forming the Committee transacting their business. One of the Secretaries, the Rev. Mr. Mee, read the domestic correspondence; the other the Rev. Dr. Bergne, the foreign. The extent of this correspondence was great, for one week. Bibles were voted without any debate, and with great rapidity. There was an intelligence displayed of marked character, and a generous Christian spirit which would encompass the globe, and give the gospel to every creature. Everything was done in a social, friendly way, and without the least formality or difference of opinion. We left the room with the words upon our lips, "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." They seemed satisfied with the disposition made by our American Bible Society of the "Standard Version." It is to be hoped that that experiment is not to be repeated!

The annual meeting of the Society was one of great interest. It was opened with prayer by Dr. Bergne, the Secretary, who is a dissenting minister; and in which bishops, deans, canons, priests and deacons, as heartily united as any of us. The report, by Secretary Mee, was a noble one, showing an advance in every department of its work. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the noblest subject of Victoria, presided, and made a speech of great power, and which elicited great applause. It was long, but not tedious; it was full of enthusiasm and hope, but without a word of cant. He is the same, simple, honest, humble, christian man, in the House of Lords,—in his own house,—in the Chair at Exeter Hall, and in the rooms of the ragged school in Field Lane, one of the most destitute and immoral districts of London. What a different world would be ours, if all men of position, and wealth, and influence, were like him!

He was followed by the Duke of Marlborough, a young man, apparently about thirty; short but robust; without anything to indicate his rank; and in the plainest dress of a plain citizen. His speech was not great, but it was good; and it was refreshing to hear a man of his position, and rank, and wealth, giving utterance to sentiments so truly scriptural and christian. I was told by one that knows him well, that "he is a truly pious young man." And there are very many of the highest in rank of the kingdom, like him.

He was followed by the Bishop of Cashel, the Rev. Samuel Martin, Cannon Miller of Birmingham, the Rev. Lal-Behari-Singh of Calcutta, Dean Close, of Carlisle, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and others. Although of swarthy complexion, and of peculiar dress, and without any high sounding titles, the man that most interested us of all on the platform, was he from Calcutta. His voice was not of much compass, his manner was slow, but his personal narrative was intensely interesting; and his speech was full of the noblest sentiments, clothed in the purest Saxon, and with but very little of the foreign accent. He bore the highest testimony to the influence of Dr. Duff, one of whose converts he is, and in whose school he was educated. And he gave utterance to thoughts that breathed, and words that burned, as to the conduct of the government in withholding the Bible from the schools in India. His sentiments were rapturously applauded by the audience.

When I was speaking as the delegate of the American Bible Society, some rude person proposed a question on the subject of slavery, which I did not hear, and of course did not notice: but he was hissed into quietness by those around him. Every allusion to America by the speakers was of the kindest character, as they were all courteous, educated men, and nearly all English gentlemen, who understand the proprieties of life. The meeting was a brilliant one; worthy the age, the fame, the usefulness of the noblest Society in the world. After the meeting was over, we joined a party of gentlemen to dine with the eldest member of the Committee of Direction, Mr. Radley of Forest Hill, where we spent an evening not soon to be forgotten. Among the guests of the evening was a young man, the agent of the Society for Belgium, who is a cousin of Eugenie, the Empress of the French.

Almost, if not quite, next to the Bible Society, stands the Religious Tract Society in importance, and as to the extent of its operations. Its large and commodious house stands opposite the cathedral of St. Paul's, and would make a fine appearance if in a position where it could be seen. We went to breakfast with the Committee one morning at their room; which commenced just as the clock on St. Paul's struck eight. The meeting was opened with prayer; a blessing was then asked on the provisions provided,—plain bread and butter, and fine black tea. Then breakfast and business commenced together. The excellent and accomplished Secretary, Dr. Davis, read the letters rapidly, but clearly; and indicated what was best to be done. His suggestions were usually complied with. Every point of difficulty was examined, and settled, or referred. The eating, talking, criticising and voting continued for nearly two hours; when the business was concluded by the benediction. There was a new tract for adoption. Each member of the Committee had read it, and offered his remarks upon it; and it was passed through in less time than it takes me to write this sentence in reference to it. Matters are prepared in sub-committees for this general Committee; and four thousand pounds were voted that morning with great intelligence and promptness! I have seen nothing in London that more deeply impressed me with the intelligence, business tact, and ardent desire to do good, of its laymen, than that breakfast. Dr. Weir, of River Terrace church, an excellent Presbyterian minister of the city, presided.

At its annual meeting in Exeter Hall, Colonel Edwards, of the Punjaub, India, presided;—a man of great wisdom and heroism,—who performed signal service in the late mutiny; and who is as ardent as a christian, as he is brave as a soldier! Such men, uniting heroic devotion to their country and the cross, are greatly honored here! He is rather small in stature, yet quite young, considering the laurels he has won, and so meekly wears,—and with a placid face, with less of Mars in it than of the Apostle John. He opened with a speech from the Chair, good, but long, to weariness. It was a "no surrender" speech; and indicated that he was a man for a long fight! As I was speaking as the delegate of the American Tract Society, some person in the back part of the Hall proposed some question as to slavery. Of course I took no notice of it. I was followed by the Dean of Carlisle, one of the platform orators of England, and one of its best specimens of the Catholic Churchman. His entire aspect is English, ruddy in complexion, with an open face, a laughing, humorous eye, a fine, large head, a corporation well becoming a Dean, a heart alive to everything good, and affections as wide in compass as the gospel he preaches. He made a noble speech; and toward its close he administered a withering rebuke to the man who asked the question as to slavery, and to all such! It was in the plainest Saxon, and in the most emphatic tone. I hope it may be published on the other side of the Atlantic, for the special benefit of such as have no sympathy save with those who agree with them on this exciting topic; and of those who think that the leading men of Britain have permitted their feelings on the subject of slavery to submerge their christian kindness and courtesy. It is not so. Although I have been shown letters from the Secretary of the Abolition Society here to the Secretaries of the other Societies, warning them against all ministers connected with the American Board, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Tract Society, with the Old and new School Presbyterian Churches, &c., &c.; yet I have not had the first question asked me as to my antecedents as to slavery; and save as to the question asked as now stated, and probably by persons of no position, or possible consequence, I have yet to hear the first offensive word on the subject. The Secretary of the Abolition Society here has nothing to do; and, as he is paid a salary, he must be doing something to earn it; even if it is in the way of mischief! We have a few such men at home, who must *appear* to do something to warrant the collections they make for their support. Depend upon it, there is yet in Britain a great amount of good common sense,—and of noble, generous principle towards the United States, which is expressed on every suitable occasion. They are beginning to understand the difficulties with which the question of slavery amongst us is surrounded; and whilst they are emphatically anti-slavery, and pray God for its removal from all lands, yet they see that we need their sympathy and their prayers far more than we need their money, or their denunciations. The trade of the extravagant abolitionists is pretty nearly over here. They are beginning to see that our self-styled martyrs for abolitionism are martyrs for their folly, and not for their principles; and that they are unworthy a place in the Calendar! "May God in his own time and way, and in the manner best adapted to secure the best good of all persons and interests involved, break every chain, and let every captive go free," is the prayer of all the wise and good in England; and it is the prayer of all the wise and good in America.

Colonial Church and School Society.

The Anniversary Meeting of this Society took place on Wednesday the 2d of May, in the large room of Exeter Hall. From the abstract of the Report published in the *London Record* we take the following:—

ROMANISM IN THE COLONIES.—PASTOR CHINIQUY.—The Report stated, that though the Church of Rome had been shaken at head-quarters, she still continued to send forth her emissaries to the extremities of the world, and into the Protestant colonies of Great Britain there had been imported no less than 1,980 priests, who everywhere watched the progress of colonization and emigration, and, with a vigilance that never waned, entered the mission-field almost simultaneously with the first step of the settlers, and preoccupied the ground. On the other hand, it was gratifying to find that 4,000 French Canadian Romanists had followed the chivalrous Pastor Chiniquy, and had discarded for ever the worship, the errors, and the superstitions of Rome.

THE LODIANA CONCERT FOR PRAYER.—The invitation of the Lodiana missionaries was circulated by the Committee in the various colonies to which the Society's operations extend.

MISSIONARY STAFF.—The agency employed by the Society (exclusive of the clergymen who officiate as chaplains on the Continent for short periods in the summer season) is as follows:—

Clergymen	86
Catechists and Teachers . . .	111
Female Teachers	54
Total	251

COLONIAL OPERATIONS.

CANADA.—DIOCESE OF MONTREAL.—The Society has here a Training Institution, Model School, Scriptural Schools in the country districts, and a city missionary at Montreal. At the Annual Meeting, in Montreal, the Bishop said, "I do consider that, if the Colonial Church and School Society had done no other work than establishing the Normal Model Schools in this city, which it did long prior to any movement of the Government in that matter, we owe it a lasting debt of gratitude."

French Canadian Missions.—The enlarged organization, adverted to in the last Report, has been completed; new local Committees have been formed; a clergyman has been appointed association secretary for the Canadas. The Rev. Dr. Hellmuth, the Society's general superintendent, say:—"Dec. 29.—Now is the time for our work among the French Canadians to be prayerfully and vigorously prosecuted. There never was, since the conquest of Canada, a brighter prospect of disseminating Gospel truth and life successfully than at this critical juncture. . . . Our new organization of expansion to labour on a larger scale amongst the French-speaking population in British North American seems to me a remarkable providential coincidence with Father Chiniquy's movement."

DIOCESE OF QUEBEC.—The Committee state that they have not yet received the customary returns.

DIOCESE OF TORONTO.—The Report contains several striking statements of spiritual destitution, and appeals for missionary clergymen. One of these is addressed by a settler to the Earl of Shaftesbury. After a statement of existing destitution, he says:—"I have, therefore, my Lord, been requested by several of my fellow-worshippers to address your Lordship, and to solicit your Lordship's good offices in procuring for us a clergyman to supply our spiritual wants in this the land of our adoption. Two years ago we had the services of a clergyman, once a month, from a neighboring village, distant eighteen miles from this; but he having some time ago left his charge, we were again placed in the old predicament, until a successor came last autumn. This spring we applied to him, and he has kindly, since April last, consented to hold Divine service here once a-month, until we have a clergyman of our own. But as there is little likelihood of obtaining one, probably for a long time, we have deemed it expedient to apply at once to your Lordship, to aid us in the object we have in view."

PROPOSED DIOCESE OF KINGSTON.—A correspondent says, "Our earnest prayer is for faithful labourers, men of God; and we trust the Lord may bless your endeavours to procure such for this province. Our great need for this portion of the diocese of Toronto, which has long since been set apart as a "new see," is a faithful overseer. We would earnestly ask your prayers and the prayers of our dear Christian friends in England upon this all-important subject."

DIOCESE OF HURON.—The appointment of a faithful Evangelical Bishop to the newly-formed Diocese of Huron has been the subject of great thankfulness to the friends of truth in Canada and in this country. The blessing of God has already visibly rested upon it. When Bishop Cronyn entered upon his labours the number of his clergy was only forty. In less than two years he has, by the blessing of God, been able to increase the staff to sixty-seven. At least 150 are needed. The Society continues its Mission among the aboriginal Indians.

Fugitive Slave Mission.—The details of this Mission will be supplied in a separate Report, which is issued annually.

NOVA SCOTIA.—Dr. Hellmuth writes: "The Corresponding Committee wish me to bring the sad state of the fishermen of Turns Bay and neighbourhood (on the Eastern Shores) before the Society, and to ask whether a devoted missionary clergyman could not be found in England willing to labour for the salvation of those scattered and long-neglected people."

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Captain Hancock, R. N., Hon. Secretary, reports favourably of the labours of the Revs. W. Meek, R. W. Dyer, D. B. Parnther, and other agents.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—James Bayly, Esq., Secretary of the Corresponding Committee, says,—"I feel it my duty to express that at no former period have the Society's schools in Newfoundland been in better working order than at present." The Hon. Mr. Pinsent, Member of Council, in moving the reading of the Petition of the Colonial Church and School Society, said,—"The operations of the Society are most extensive and efficient. In St. John's alone they have four instructors of both male and female youth, besides the General Inspector. The schools are admittedly, and are so reported by the Inspector to be, the best regulated and most efficient of their class in the colony." The Report of Mr. Marriott, the Society's Inspector of Schools, then follows.

Patagonia Mission—Dreadful Calamity.

The morning papers publish a letter received by Captain Halstead, the Secretary of Lloyd's, from their agent in the Falkland Islands, communicating particulars of the massacre of the crew of the Patagonian Mission schooner, Allen Gardiner. We are enabled to give full details supplied to us by the Secretary of the Mission:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RECORD.

SIR,—I thank you most truly for your warm and ready sympathy, and also for your interest in our mission work. I will sufficiently state the painful facts of the case.

The scene of the massacre was Wollyah, the headquarters of a Fuegian tribe with which we have hitherto been on the most friendly terms. It was from this tribe that the fourteen natives, who have been under instruction at our central station in the Falklands, and who promised so well, were drawn. In fact, but a few days before the catastrophe, which took place on Nov. 5, 1859, our mission-vessel had conveyed back nine of these natives to their home. While with us they improved wonderfully in moral and physical habits. Their manners became quite European, and on all the outward observance of religion they were willing and exemplary attendants. Two lads, in particular, gave great promise of future good, and showed very considerable intelligence indeed. The women, too, were tidy, clean, and industrious. Progress was made in their language by our brethren, attempts at translation were not wanting, and portions of the Decalogue in the Fuegian tongue were regularly read out during public worship, at which the natives were present. Most hopeful were we of shortly effecting some larger and more permanent good amongst their countrymen. Now we pause, waiting for the guiding providence of God. We are cast down, but not in despair. But I must return to the scene of death at Wollyah. It appears that the Allen Gardiner reached that place on Nov. 1, and that, with the exception of some of the natives being vexed because the captain searched their bundles prior to letting them leave the ship, nothing transpired to excite suspicion of hostility. The number of the natives increased daily, till some seventy canoes were numbered on the beach. But on former occasions they had assembled in large numbers, and yet proved most friendly. Our parties landed daily. Presents were distributed amongst the people, and, as far as circumstances admitted, efforts were made to impress the native mind with the true objects of the visit. The friendliness of our party seemed to be reciprocated by the natives. Sunday, November 6, dawns upon Wollyah, the mission-ship lies calmly in the bay, on the beach are drawn up at intervals the canoes of the natives. Nothing has taken place to excite alarm; on the contrary, the captain and catechist see nothing to prevent the celebration of public worship upon shore. A log hut of considerable size, built by our party on their former visit, the natives also assisting in the work, offers a suitable place for the conduct of the services of the day. Accordingly the catechist, the captain, and ship's crew, the cook only excepted, go ashore. Unfortunately it is not thought necessary to leave any one in charge of the boat. But doubtless the desire was to make the natives see that the day was very sacred, and the worship very solemn. The entire crew, therefore, was to be present. Our brethren then entered the chosen place, and at 10.30 a.m., in remembrance doubtless of hours of worship in our favored land, the little band of Christian men met for prayer and praise, surrounded by 300 heathen people. The service had not long begun when, struck by an assassin hand, one of the crew fell within the sanctuary. The treachery was now unmasked, and a rush for life was made, but the ruthless multitude without almost in a moment clubbed and stoned our whole party to death.

The cook of the Allen Gardiner was attracted by the noise, but there was no time to render aid, his own life was threatened, and jumping into a boat he rowed rapidly away. For a time he was pursued, but at last landing and getting into the woods he remained concealed for four days. Wet, miserable, and hungry, he at last ventured near the natives. By the first party he was robbed of his clothes, but not otherwise treated unkindly, while on his return to the scene of the massacre he was reclothed by contributions of garments from those who had shared the spoils of the Allen Gardiner. For three months did this man live unmolested by these strange people, and evidently regarded with some degree of respect. On the 28th of February a vessel chartered by the Rev. G. P. Despard to search for the missionary party, picked up this solitary survivor of our ship's company.

The ship itself, as far as hull and spars go, is safe, but everything within her has been rifled or broken. Means have been taken to bring her over to the Falklands. The sufferers are Mr. Garland Phillips, a most valued catechist who has left a young widow on the eve of her confinement; Captain R. S. Fell, a man invaluable to our Mission as a seamen and a Christian, who has also left a widow and one child. His brother, Mr. S. A. Fell, chief officer, and five seamen, four of them being guides. In the deaths of the two Fells, an aged mother has lost two worthy sons, who contributed to her support. Our hearts indeed mourn—mourn more than I now venture to express.

But what is to be done? The work in Tierra del Fuego is but a branch of the Society's operation. In Patagonia itself we are engaged in the duties of the Mission. To join Mr. Schmid, of whose welfare we have lately heard, a Mr. Hunziken called from England in March last. In Araucania the Society has but lately determined to track new ground. The Rev. A. W. Gardiner, M. A., leaves this country in June, for this purpose. The blow, therefore, which has now fallen upon us need not, if friends are true at home, paralyze the Society. The Rev G. P. Despard is writing undaunted abroad for fresh resources. Shall they be withheld? This is the question, which I now ask you to put to the Christian Church. Even now I am encouraged. The British Chaplain in the Falklands proffers help. Try fresh plans, he says. My humble services are freely offered to you. From one who speaks out of a warm heart, and with a strong faith, but who utters sentiments held by one, at least, high in the Church's ranks, we have received these words, "We are Englishmen—not to say Christians—and must not give up." Oh, Sir, speed! these words forth. They may be the rallying cry of a thousand sorrowing hearts. In great haste,

I am, yours most truly,

WALTER H. STIRLING, Sec.

A Hopeless Neighborhood.

In a large but sparsely populated town among the granite hills, is a neighborhood which has been almost given over as beyond the reach of the gospel. The inhabitants living very much secluded and far away from any church, seemed to form an entirely distinct community, and to look with a strange jealousy and dislike upon those more favored than themselves.

In all that large circle there was only one house where prayer was ever supposed to be offered, and that was occupied by an aged couple, whose influence had never been very positive and decided for the truth. By all this community the Sabbath was disregarded; there was no meeting for religious worship, no Sabbath-school; and while some spent holy time in work, others wandered about the fields in search of pleasure, or visited idly from house to house. Intemperance and profanity were common, and it was no shame to scoff at the word of God, and openly to curse those who professed his name. Christians were accustomed to speak with a sort of hopelessness of that neighborhood.

"But God, willing to make known the riches of his grace," sent down his Holy Spirit. Christians were surprised one day to see a man from that distant neighborhood passing along our streets, and uttering the cry in every Christian's ear, "Pray for me." He had walked over the long stretch of hills, through the deep mud of a spring day, to make this request. He went from one Christian to another to tell them his distress, and to ask, "Pray for me to-night, at eight o'clock, that God would have mercy upon me." He said he, "felt he was a lost sinner, just sinking into hell." His long life of forgetfulness of God and open impiety filled him with shame, and he saw that nothing but infinite mercy could save him.

That poor troubling sinner *was* prayed for at the appointed hour. It was the night of the weekly prayer-meeting; many a fervent petition went up for him; and God heard and answered. He soon rejoiced in hope, and now he loves to pray and point others in the way to heaven.

About the same time, in the same neighborhood, an old man on the verge of fourscore years began to be distressed for his soul. He had been reading his Bible, and there he found Jesus. The Saviour now became his theme. Those lips, all unused to prayer, now breathed the sacred name of Jesus with reverence and love. The Bible became his companion. He called in one and another of his irreligious neighbors to tell them what a Saviour he had found. Now it may be said of him, "Behold, he prayeth."

Truly the divine Spirit can open the blindest eye and melt the hardest heart to penitence and love. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—*American Messenger.*

The Bible.

At a recent Missionary Meeting in England, the Rev. Luke Tyerman said, whilst sitting in the meeting he had been thinking of the marvellous change which had taken place during the last four or five hundred years, and how thankful they all ought to be that they lived in an age like the present.—It had been related of a traveller that, whilst journeying through Egypt, he discovered a mummy. He unwrapped the mummy, and in doing so he found a root, which most probably had been wrapped up for thousands of year. The traveller planted the root and it became a lovely flower. In like manner, four or five hundred years ago, Protestantism found a mummy called Popery, and in its hand was found the root of truth. That root was planted and it produced a flower; the flower multiplied and now flowers breathing the fragrace of Sharon's flowers were blooming all the world over. It then took £20 for a copy of the Bible, and £20 was the amount of a working man's wages for fifteen years. Now, although it took fifty-four men to perfect a Bible, yet they are sold at the insignificant sum of 10d.—He had often been struck at the manner in which the hand of Providence was exerted in religious matters. Wickliffe was the first English reformer, and to silence him he was sent to prison. That seemingly great calamity proved a great blessing, for it gave him time to make a full translation of the Bible. Sixty years ago there was not a Bible Society in existence; now there were nine thousand. Sixty years ago the Bible was only printed in thirty-six languages, now it is translated into one hundred and forty. All this was the work of Protestantism, for he was not aware that the Roman Catholic Church had made a solitary translation of the Bible for the good of the human race, from the time of the Reformation to the present day.

Treasury.

It is of the Lord's Mercies.

I believe the Lord has always ready provided some kind Samaritan, journeying, as if by chance, on the very road where the wounded traveller lies, and who arrives just at the very moment when "oil and wine" are especially needed. I believe, too, that the Lord, in the workings of that providence which is over all his works, and which suffereth not a sparrow nor a hedgling to fall to the ground unpermitted of him, whenever he has a bruised and torn one of his flock, needing a tenderer hand than usual to nurture and heal it, has that hand ready to stretch out and help,—has one close at hand to supply the want,—one whose own heart has been, perhaps, touched and prepared by sorrow for the especial work of sympathy with some other torn and sorrowing one of the family. We are apt to say of such apparently accidental circumstances, "How very fortunate!" but faith lifts up the curtain, and sees God's hand at work, and cries out, "It is of the Lord's mercies!"—*Rev. B. Bouchier.*

"Am I Lost?"

My errand was urgent. I was in search of a dying creature, the sands of whose hour-glass were nearly down, and was hastening to take to her the message of a Saviour's love. Breathless from the steep ascent, I reached her mountain cottage. What a contrast between the grand and beautiful scenery around and the wretched hovel which now met my sight! When I entered, there lay the young mother in the last stage of consumption; her wasted frame, bright eye, and hectic cheek too plainly telling the ravages disease had made, and the short period that remained before time would give place to eternity, and the immortal spirit appear before its God. For a moment I lifted up my heart in prayer that God would teach me what to say, and would accompany what I did say to the salvation of that poor dying woman. We were strangers. I knew little of her previous history, having only a few hours before heard of her and of her illness, as we should say by accident. But I knew that the poor sufferer before me was a sinner, and that as a sinner she needed a Saviour, and I longed to ascertain if she had sought and found him "whom truly to know is everlasting life."

She listened with deep attention while I repeated some of the glorious invitations of the gospel made to sinful, fallen man. At length, clasping her wasted hands, and looking up with a faltering voice she repeated after me. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," (1 John i. 7), and prayed with all apparent earnestness that his blood might wash away her sins. Exhausted with the exertion she fell back, but her eye turned so speakingly towards me that it seemed to say, "Go on; pray for me; I am too weak to pray for myself." I repeat, in a slow and earnest tone these simple lines:—

"Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee,
I have a very wicked heart,
Full of sin in every part;
I can never make it good—
Jesus, wash me in thy blood,
Oh, my Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee?"

I paused; she remained motionless; I rose to go; her hand and eye once more detained me. Again I repeated some text of Scripture, to all of which she listened in silence, until I uttered those words of Jesus, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which is lost (Luke xix. 10). Oh then I shall never forget the eager cry, "*Lost! lost! am I lost? Tell, oh! tell me, am I lost?*"

I took her hand, and pressing it between mine, told her in few words how "the lost" once had been sought and saved, and that Jesus had declared, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Commending the poor dying sufferer to God